

## HOWARD GOULD'S WIFE'S IN WANT, COUNSEL DECLARES

She's Worrying Along on \$25,000 a Year and in Dire Distress.

PLEADS FOR \$120,000.

DeLancey Nicoll, Opposing Motion, Admits She Has to Pay Lawyer.

Lawyers Clarence J. Shearn and DeLancey Nicoll engaged in a defendant, embittered wordy struggle over the relative merits of their clients, Mrs. Katherine Clemmons Gould and her husband, Howard Gould, to-day, in Supreme Court. The encounter occurred after Justice Gleicher heard argument over Mrs. Gould's postponed motion for an order directing her husband to pay her alimony at the rate of \$10,000 a month, pending the trial of her suit for separation. The order also provided for \$10,000 counsel fees.

Mr. Nicoll asked for a further adjournment, saying Mrs. Gould could not possibly be in want, as she had received a check for \$20,000 only yesterday. Mr. Shearn, in reply to Justice Gleicher's question, then said:

"Mrs. Gould, your Honor, is in serious want. She is entitled to her allowance and to a speedy hearing from you. She has worried along on \$25,000 a year long enough under the mass of vicious slanders of Howard Gould."

Perjury May Be Charged.

"It is imperative that I get depositions from three witnesses before answering Mrs. Gould's application," interrupted Mr. Nicoll.

"Well, I'll concede all you can get from those witnesses," smiled Mr. Shearn.

"What do you concede—your client committed perjury?"

"Certainly not, my dear friend, emphatically not."

"Well, we charge Mr. Gould was justified in abandoning her in our motion to strike out much of her allegations in her moving papers for alimony. We say she was frequently intoxicated; that she made life intolerable, impossible. She has gone the whole hog. Now, she has denied using liquors; really, that she was ever intoxicated."

"Well, that's right; she wasn't intoxicated and never was and you can't prove it, no sir," hotly replied Mr. Shearn.

Justice Gleicher then asked:

"Does the defendant make any counter charges?"

"No—only about sixty. Your Honor," answered Mr. Nicoll. "We must have an adjournment, for every fair reason."

"Well, go ahead," I'll concede, for the purposes of the argument, what you want your witnesses to testify to," notly rejoined Candidate Shearn.

"My witnesses are Leroy Baldwin, of No. 42 Broadway, living at No. 8 East Seventy-fifth street; Mrs. George Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Irving Schneitzel, No. 48 East Fifty-ninth street," said Mr. Nicoll.

"These witnesses have refused to make affidavits and I want an order from Your Honor to compel them to talk to us. In her allegations Mrs. Gould says Howard Gould winked at and flirted with a Broadway star at a certain theatre and that he was drunk. Mr. Baldwin will dispute this and show that Mrs. Gould was so intoxicated on the night of this alleged incident that she was forcibly removed from the theatre."

Did She Bite Mrs. Kirkpatrick?

"Mrs. Kirkpatrick will testify that at a bridge party in the Kirkpatrick home Mrs. Gould was so intoxicated that she tried to assault five of the guests and did assault and bite Mrs. Kirkpatrick's arms while the latter was ordering her to be removed. Mrs. Schneitzel will also tell of Mrs. Gould's intoxication."

"They will not testify to any such thing," warmly rejoined Mr. Shearn, "because the entire charges against Mrs. Gould are false. Why, your papers show they have refused to so testify, and I defy them to do so."

"Well, the Court can force them to testify, despite your defiance," shouted Mr. Nicoll.

"Well, Your Honor, Mrs. Gould isn't in distress on \$25,000 a year, it seems. My Shearn is," declared Mr. Nicoll. "I'm not in distress."

"If you are, Mr. Shearn, you shouldn't be," added Mr. Nicoll sarcastically, "for you are getting Mr. Gould's \$25,000 a year."

That's an outrage, Your Honor, I'm not, either," fairly screamed Candidate Shearn.

"At least the monthly checks are payable to your order," smiled Mr. Nicoll. "Wasn't that check for \$2,000 made out to you yesterday?"

"Your Honor, I'm not willing to stand for this," said Mr. Shearn.

Counsel in Distress.

"Well, why this anxiety?" persisted Mr. Nicoll. "If you are in distress, why not admit it? All you have to do is to get Mrs. Gould to indicate that those monthly installment checks over to you."

"I'm too busy to listen to this. Your Honor," savagely replied Candidate Shearn, folding his paper.

"Busy, Mr. Shearn?" asked Mr. Nicoll playfully.

"Yes, busy. Can't you understand Elliott Business engagements?"

"A—er—a professional engagement," Mr. Shearn retorted Mr. Nicoll.

"Engagements—simply engagements," answered Mr. Shearn, as the lawyers broke into laughter and Justice Gleicher smiled as he called for order.

The court then decided that Mr. Gould's motion to strike out certain scandalous matter in Mrs. Gould's plea for alimony and child care fees would be continued to-morrow.

## MISS SHONT'S IS HOME, DEFENDS MARRIAGE TO TITLE

Sister of the Duchess du Chaulnes Replies to Criticism of Ethel Barrymore.

CROKER'S SON RETURNS

Says the Former Tammany Leader May Come Here Before the Election.

Miss Marguerite Shonts was a passenger on the Adriatic, of the White Star line, which docked to-day. She had been spending the summer with her sister, the widowed Duchess du Chaulnes, in Paris.

The Duchess, who was in poor health, following the sudden death of her husband, is now much better according to Miss Shonts. Her constant companion is her sister-in-law, the Duchess d'Uzes. The Duchess du Chaulnes expects to become the mother of a posthumous heir to the estates in about two months.

Miss Shonts showed animation when she heard of an interview with Miss Ethel Barrymore at St. Louis, as related in today's World, in which the actress was quoted as saying that the reason so many international marriages turned out badly was because New York society girls had not enough culture, mentality and earnestness of purpose to interest for any length of time the foreign noblemen to whom they were married.

"I cannot understand why Miss Barrymore, who has lately got into New York society, should say such a thing," remarked Miss Shonts. "From what I have seen I should say it is the brilliancy and adaptability of American girls that has made them leaders of society abroad."

Cot E. E. Rattray, editor and publisher of the Buffalo News, was another passenger. The Colonel is heartily in favor of the election, but he failed to display any deep emotion when he heard that in the race for Governor of New York the betting was in favor of Chauncey M. Depew.

Richard Croker Jr. and his bride returned from a visit to the senior Croker in Ireland. They were at Glencairn for about three months.

"My father is in splendid health," said young Croker, "and he is looking forward with great pleasure to his coming visit to New York. His horse Rhodora is entered in a race in England on Oct. 15. He is sure he will be over until after the race has been run. But if he withdraws her from the entries he may get here before election. His coming, however, has nothing to do with politics. His purpose in crossing the ocean is simply to see his old friends on this side."

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## Sister of Duchess du Chaulnes Who Upholds Titled Marriages



MARGUERITE SHONT'S.

## Henry Dexter, at 96, Lives for Revenge on His Son's Slayer

Cannot Die, He Declares, Until Murderer for Whom He Offers Reward Is Punished.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

"I have spent \$250,000 in the attempt to bring my son's murderer to justice. I would give my entire fortune if it could be accomplished. I know the man—many people know him—I could go up to the Adirondacks to-morrow, put my hand on the murderer's shoulder, and say to him:

"You shot my son! That is what I would like to do, but my friends will not permit it."

Henry Dexter, ninety-six years old, and a multimillionaire, whose son, Orlando Perry Dexter, was mysteriously killed on his Adirondack estate five years ago, and who, after spending a quarter of a million dollars in a futile attempt to discover his murderer, has renewed his efforts by offering a reward of \$10,000 for information concerning the crime, sat in the study of his handsome home at No. 42 West Fifty-sixth street to-day and told me the tragedy of his life.

"I am ninety-six years old," he said, "but I cannot die till the man who killed my son has been brought to justice."

"Did you ever see Orlando?" he asked, pathetically. "That is his picture on the mantelpiece. A fine fellow, wasn't he? I'll give you a copy of his life to read."

From a little pile of pamphlets on the desk before him he selected that which he sought and handed me a memorial of the life and death of Orlando Perry Dexter.

Got English Degree.

"He was an Oxford M. A., you see. He studied at Harvard and then went to England, to Cambridge, before taking his Oxford degree. He lived here with me. This was his home. I would have given it to him by this time had he lived."

The tone of this millionaire who lives only for vengeance grew soft and tender as he spoke of the dead man's talent.

"To the poor mountain people who had seen him buy \$2,000 acres of their land, and who came to dislike him as they are said to dislike William Rockefeller, his neighbor, he may have seemed a hard man. Stories are told of his driving ferrying parties from his estate. To the old father who survives him, and sits alone in his empty home, he was beloved as Absalom, and as much mourned."

Cries for Vengeance.

"I may yet live to see this murderer convicted," said Mr. Dexter, and looking at his straight, slight figure, his close cropped white beard, his blue eyes in which glowed the fire of his single purpose, I could well believe him. He had risen to his feet and bowed as I entered the room. He took me gallantly to the door as I left. His voice was full and firm, his hearing so good that I did not raise my voice once during the conversation. Every reference to his dead son had feeling in it, the hint of restrained grief, but not once did any manifestation of emotion soften the granite of his New England face.

Two men in the Adirondack region where my son lived were bitter enemies. One of them wished my son to buy a certain piece of land because the other man wanted it. If my son became the purchaser the first man could haul his timber across it. If the other man bought it that would, of course, have been impossible on account of their feud. My son was about to buy the land when he

was shot down, and it became the property of the other intending purchaser.

Shot From Ambush.

"My son was shot from ambush with a .38 calibre ball from a gun that would carry two miles. The man I suspect carried a gun of that description. He had been heard to make threats against my son's life. One man had heard him ask another if Orlando was a good shot. Hearing that he was he said: 'Well, then, he'd have to be hit in the back.'"

"Notwithstanding this point and many others the Grand Jury refused to indict anyone, and the public prosecutor of Franklin County did nothing. I have taken the matter before three Governors—O'Dell, Higgins and Hughes. None of them would do anything for me. I expect more from Gov. Hughes because he poses as a reformer. He made an appointment with me for a certain hour and then kept me ninety-five years old—waiting thirty minutes while he talked to some politicians. He read the papers over, and then he said: 'I am a lawyer, Mr. Dexter, and after reading these papers I am convinced that everything possible has been done.' 'Yes, that is what Hughes said to me. That ended it for him; but he had never lost a son.'"

Not a Young Man.

Mr. Dexter had spoken of his son all along in such tones that I had been led to think of him as a very young man. But when I asked his age, he replied: "My son was forty-nine. I wanted him to get married and had a girl all picked out for him. But she was from the South and her father had been a Confederate. Orlando said he would never marry the daughter of a rebel. We were together a great deal. I never believed in clubs. They are nothing but gambling halls, and ruin more young men than Wall Street does. Wall Street is nothing but a gambling hell, and has been one ever since they began to buy on margin. Mr. Dexter, to my regret, every day to look after my affairs, but I never bought a stock or sold a share in my life that I didn't pay for outright."

Orlando was great company for me. Now that I am alone and try to think of ways to convict the man who took him from me, I gave Mr. Badger, of Malone, N. Y., a letter, who had been Orlando's friend. \$25,000 worth of securities—that means a life-long income of \$100,000—to bring the murderer to justice. He says he can do nothing."

Everyone near the estate which was my son's knows the name of his murderer. But that man has been given thousands in taxes won't give one cent to convict him. I don't know what my latest offer of a \$10,000 reward will bring any results, but while I live I am going to keep on trying."

## SOCIETY WOMEN CALLED SELFISH AND BRAINLESS

Ethel Barrymore Declares City Wouldn't Lose "If Plague Wiped Out Social Set."

"PIGGISH AND USELESS"

"Average Millionaire's Son Hasn't Brains Enough to Interest Playful Kitten."

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 1.—Asked to-day if the report that she was to marry a New York millionaire was true, Miss Ethel Barrymore, who is playing at the Olympic Theatre in "Lady Frederick," declared that it was not, and added:

"If I ever marry, it will be a poor man. No matter how poor the man, I would be willing to give up my career, with all its attentions and applause, for him."

Miss Barrymore, whose position in the most exclusive social circles in this country and England is unquestioned, then launched into a caustic criticism of society women, particularly those of New York.

"The most useless, brainless, selfish and purposeless order of beings in the world," she declared, "constitutes the society of this country."

"There's no occasion for brains in our society, at least in New York—that which I have seen—and consequently girls do not prepare themselves to cultivate their capabilities. They have enough for what is demanded of them, and do not attempt anything more difficult."

"Selfish and Piggish."

"Society men and women are merely selfish, piggish, and contented with comfort. If a plague were to wipe out the entire society element of New York, neither the city nor the country at large would be any worse for the loss, for it would not be missed."

"If you join gracefully in the inanities of an ordinary dinner table, you'll pass. But if you happen to touch on anything the real men of our country are doing, or if you venture into an intellectual discussion on any subject, you will be shunned as an intolerable bore."

She blames the unhappiness of international marriages on the wife.

"The American girl has proven a failure," she explained, "because she has not enough mentality, culture, education and serious purpose to hold for long the interest or affection of foreign noblemen, or to meet the requirements of her new surroundings."

"Useless to the Country."

"American women of wealth are content with comfortable living quarters, a good dinner, a hand at bridge and an automobile ride. They are empty shells, meaningless and useless to the country. I have particular reference to those who spend their time chasing social will-o'-the-wisps."

"If the dukes and earls and counts of Europe would only choose their brides from the American middle class there would be no disappointment on either side. It's too much to expect of those noblemen, however, for the poor fellows must have money, you know."

Miss Barrymore laughed when the name of the New York millionaire said to have been following her about pleading with her to marry him was mentioned.

"Dear me," she said, "a millionaire would be bad enough, but a millionaire's son, no, never! Why, the average son of a millionaire hasn't enough brains to interest a playful kitten, much less a woman who has seen the world or developed her mind. All the rich young American cares for is to be around in a luxurious club, talk golf or polo or tennis and bask in the reflected glory of his father's dollars."

Dislikes the Fops.

"I'm fond of American men. It's the fops I despise. I shall marry a poor man, but one who has the ability to earn his own dollars. When the time comes I shall make a real man, a real American. I couldn't expect my husband to be the sort who would carry my trips from place to place."

"No, there is none now who interests me as sweetheart or husband. But I am lonesome and unhappy. My work diverts my mind, but when it is over a loneliness creeps upon me, for I have no one to whom I may tell my worries and troubles."

Miss Barrymore was silent on the subject of her broken engagement with an English captain.

JEROME SENDS FOR 'LOU' LUDLUM

"Lou" Ludlum, the gambler, accompanied by his driver, Louis Fuchs, went to the Criminal Court Building to-day and spent more than an hour in District Attorney Jerome's private office. Then he went away with Mr. Fuchs.

None of the parties to the conference, or interview, or negotiation, or whatever it was, would talk about the affair. It was admitted in the District Attorney's office that the calling of Ludlum to Mr. Jerome's room was one of the results of reports that gambling was going on in the Tenderloin and that the places of Ludlum and "Honest John" Kelly were running wide open.

There was a tip around the Criminal Court Building that Inspectors Steinbruck and Tish and Acting Capt. Murphy of the New Tenderloin station would visit the District Attorney next. Mr. Jerome and his assistant, Mr. Murphy, who had direct charge of the gambling investigation, were said to have a list of questions that they meant to ask at these three police officials.

There's Satisfaction in having a steady hand.

If coffee makes you wobble, stop and use

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

## Ethel Barrymore's Caustic Comments on Society

The society of the country is useless, brainless, selfish and purposeless. There's no occasion for brains in our society—at least in New York. Society men and women are selfish, piggish and content with creature comforts. If a plague were to wipe out the society element in New York it would not be missed. If you join in the inanities of an ordinary dinner table you'll pass. It is the American girl who has proven a failure in international marriages. American society women are empty shells, useless to the country. If noblemen chose their brides from American middle classes there would be no disappointments. The average son of a millionaire hasn't enough brains to interest a playful kitten. I shall marry a poor man—one who can earn his own dollars.

## SWIMS HELL GATE TO LIBERTY, THEN LUCK DESERTS HIM

Picks Out Policeman's House to Get a Change of Trousers.

Here is an 18-carat hard luck story, relating how Manuella Plato, a prisoner on Blackwell's Island, escaped to Astoria by swimming across lower Hell Gate, and picked out the only house in that section of the city occupied by a policeman as a place of refuge.

Plato is thirty-five years old. He is serving a six months' sentence on the island. In the heavy mist hanging over the river early to-day he slipped out of a line of prisoners marching from the cell house to a workshop and jumped into the East River. To the men who saw him jump it looked like a case of suicide. The water boils in the narrow channel between the island and the Long Island shore.

Plato's escape was not discovered until the keepers lined up their men in the workshop. By that time he had successfully negotiated the current. The flood tide swept him up the river and he crawled ashore just below the Astoria ferry landing. No one saw him, and he shed his striped jacket and hid under a shed. He knew his black and white striped trousers would attract attention should he come within the range of vision of a chance pedestrian, but they were the only trousers he had.

Skulking along in the shadow of the water front business houses and aided by the mist Plato finally reached the residence district of Astoria. He passed by the first house because the general aspect of it was forbidding. He dodged the second house because the window curtains hung in severe lines. He passed dwelling after dwelling for one reason or another until he had reached the corner of Grand and Fourth avenue, fully fifteen blocks from where he had left the river.

A neat, two-story looking cottage attracted him. He crept into the alley back of the house, scaled a fence and entered the back yard. The rear aspect of the place was as encouraging as the front. Summoning all his nerve Plato walked up to the kitchen door and knocked.

The knock was heard by Policeman Katten, of the Bronx Park Precinct, who lives in the house with his family. Katten was eating his breakfast. He went to the door, unlocked it and upon a shivering, desolate looking man clad solely in a pair of Blackwell's Island pants.

At the sight of the policeman's uniform Plato dropped in a faint on the doorstep. Katten dragged him into the house, gave him a cup of coffee and telephoned to the Astoria police station. Policeman Pierce responded to the call and took Plato to the station house. A few minutes later Deputy Warden Katten and Keeper Murray arrived. They had pursued Plato in a boat.

Two hours after he had plunged into the river, Plato was free from freedom Plato was back in the workshop.

## FOREST BLAZE SWEEPING ON TO SARANAC LAKE

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Oct. 1.—The forest fire on Baker and Mackenzie Mountains are rapidly spreading and approaching this village. Fire fighters are still working day and night to check the flames, but the situation has grown more serious in the past twenty-four hours.

ALBANY, Oct. 1.—In the event of forest fires assuming dangerous proportions near Dannemora, Supr. C. V. Collins of the State Prison Department, said to-day that he would order the industries at the Clinton Prison shut down temporarily so that a force of convicts might be taken into the woods to fight the fire. Considerable state land is located in the vicinity of the prison.

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POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

## \$160,000,000 NEEDED TO MEET CITY'S EXPENSES

All the Principal Departments Ask More Money From Board of Estimate.

Public hearings by the Board of Estimate on the budget for 1909 were begun in the City Hall to-day. The city will need \$160,000,000 to carry on business next year, and heads of departments have counted on more than that. The Water, Police and Education departments, and the Borough Presidents want increases of a million or more.

The budget estimates, which have usually been printed in a single volume, take four volumes this time because of the agitation last year for a segregated and itemized estimate by the heads of all the municipal bureaus.

Corporation Counsel Ponderton wants \$365,200, an increase of \$107,689. He said that cases had been running behind at a rate of three hundred a year, and some places in his office he had not filled because he had not the money.

Bridge Commissioner Stevenson wants \$31,681, or \$28,681 more than this year. Of this amount, he said, \$104,857 is necessary for the Queensboro Bridge. Bridges cost about as much as the rest of the city, from them. The Williamsburg and Brooklyn Bridges yield about \$100,000.

Greatest of Trimmings Hats

No Hats are more beautiful than ours—none can be, for we get the best that both Paris and New York can produce. It's not conceit that causes us to make this strong claim—it's a fact.

The reason why we can offer \$8.00 and \$12.00

Trimmed Hats for \$3.95 & \$4.95

Our Famous \$3.95 & \$4.95 Trimmed Hats are a mighty drawing power that brings the Great Public to our store.

MODERN MILLINERY STORES

Fifth Avenue, Corner 117th Street

OPEN EVENINGS. LENOX AVE. SUBWAY STATION AT 116TH ST.

McCUTCHEON'S

"The Linen Store"

Flannel Waists

\$5.00 and \$6.50

We offer two special Fall models made in our own workrooms of the celebrated Viyella Non-Shrinkable Flannel.

The \$5.00 waist is made with half inch tucks down the front and back, shirt sleeves and long cuffs.

The model at \$6.50 is finished with two clusters of quarter inch tucks over the bust, with back to correspond. It buttons in front, has shirt sleeves and three inch button cuffs.

In addition to these, we show a number of models in Scotch Flannels, as well as Butcher Linen, Scotch Madras, Fancy Nets, Silk, and a very complete line of French and Domestic Lingerie Waists in a wide assortment at \$5.00 each and upwards.

Opposite 5th Ave. & 34th St., Waldorf-Astoria

in revenue. He thought Queensboro Bridge should be self-sustaining. Looking after the bridge will need an increase of \$100,000.

Commissioner Perry, of the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, wants \$250,000, an increase of \$100,000. Of this amount \$150,000 is for lighting public buildings and \$50,000 for increase of taxes on property in Long Island. The Grand Concourse in the Bronx, Riverside Drive, Seventh avenue and Broadway from Fifty-ninth street will need lighting which will cost \$150,000. The main purpose for the increase, however, will cost the city \$250,000 a year.

Commissioner Perry, in the Bronx, asked for \$65,000, an increase of \$31,180. Commissioner of Corrections Coggeshall asked for \$1,200,000.

Health Commissioner Livingston asked for \$1,000,000, an increase of \$1,000,000. He said \$250,000 spent on inspectors and nurses would save \$2,500,000. Sixty-five thousand children were excluded from school last year through contagious diseases.

From the gardens to you untouched by hand.

White Rose Ceylon Tea

A 10c. Package makes 40 cups.

HEALTH

depends largely on our environment. Curtains drawn and light admitted, there over a room and you are more serene, calm, restful and healthy.

Windowpanes Makes Stained Glass Out of Plain Glass. Covers up the ugliest room, adds more to its beauty than the most costly curtains and is perfectly sanitary. Cannot collect or hold germs, and a damp cloth removes any dust. In spite of all these advantages, it's very inexpensive—especially so if you call at once and bring the coupon.

HALT PRICE

Bring this coupon today. It will save you 10c. on every window pane you order and obtain any kind of glass. HALT PRICE. 10-108